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KEEP THE FAITH



*If ye break faith
with us who die
We shall not sleep,
though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

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*“That these dead shall not have
died in vain”*

Last night I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed that I crouched in the shadows on a vine-clad hillside in France in the gathering twilight of a day that was almost done.

In the valley below I heard the harsh clank of metal beating against metal—the vicious machine-guns spitting Death—and, as the barrage moved closer, the shrill whining of shells through the air, and the dull roar as they burst somewhere down the valley. And I heard the shouts and strange cries of men who fought with men.

In the dim light beside me lay a boy.

He just lifted his head out of the mud a little—smiled—and died.

Seventy-two thousand Americans died like that in France and passed along the torch to their comrades in France and to us—their comrades back home.



No nation in the history of the world was less prepared for war than was America when the war began.

No nation was better prepared when it ended.

When the Armistice was signed America was turning out war materials on such a gigantic scale and at such a high speed that the whole world wondered.

Men—money—material.

Guns — aeroplanes — ships — motor-trucks — gas — food — “TNT” — locomotives — shoes — hand-grenades — bullets — searchlights — tanks — Liberty motors — shells — helmets — tents — rifles — bayonets—machine-guns—battleships.

Our Allies knew.

Germany knew.



Every ninety days nearly a million American soldiers—trained to fight—equipped to fight—eager to fight—were landing in France—ready to dash forward on the double-quick to take their places in the battle-line.

Every day great fleets of ships—laden until they rode low in the water—were steaming full speed ahead through German danger zones into French harbors and dumping their cargoes of

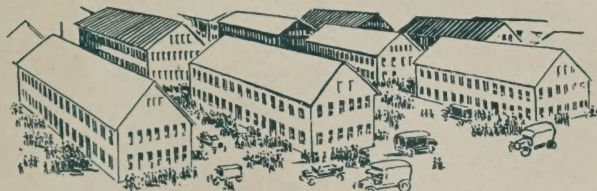
American war materials upon American docks—
in France.

Every day and all through the night American workmen were loading this American freight into American freight cars and rushing it at top speed over American railroads to American armies on the American battle-front—in France.

Men—money—material.

In eighteen months America raised eighteen billion dollars.

And spent it.



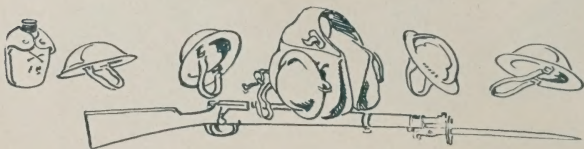
When the war ended there were over a million and a half fine American boys in our camps over here, ready to fight, eager to fight. They were the same material that the Germans got acquainted with at St. Mihiel and the Argonne forest. It cost millions to train and equip them. They didn't have their great chance. But they fought for Victory as a big part of the American fighting machine. They were ready, and Germany knew they were ready.



America was turning out war materials so fast when the Armistice was signed that in the next few weeks—before all the machinery could be stopped—we had enough—guns, clothes, ammunition, aeroplanes, trucks—to equip in every detail a new army as large as the one we already had in France.

And we have that material right now.

It fought to bring a speedy victory just as much as the materials which were actually used. It was ready. And Germany *knew* it was ready.



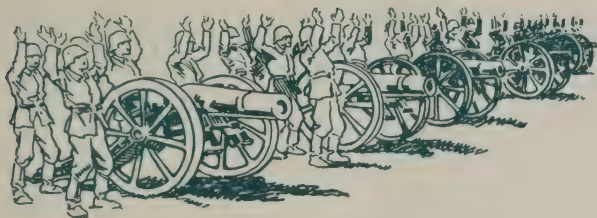
Some time last summer, came a German secret service agent to the German Great Headquarters and told the Kaiser, or Von Hindenburg, or Ludendorff, or Somebody the big things America was doing to win the war.

And Somebody gave a long, loud laugh.

But the next day another report of the same kind came in—and the next day another—and the next day—and the next—

Until after a little while Somebody quit laughing and sent a hurry-up message to Washington, D. C., U. S. A., that He, representing the Constituted Authorities of the German People, would be glad, very, very glad indeed, to talk Peace.

And would Washington please be so good as to reply promptly.



Strange, isn't it.

Germany had the men and she had the guns and she had the desire—to go on with the War for many months.

Why then, all this rush about the Armistice in November?

There is just one answer—the whole world knows it.

Germany was *Scared to Death*.

She knew that if she didn't quit while the quitting was good, American aeroplanes would blacken her skies—American shells would blow her cities off the map—and American soldiers would be marching through the streets of Berlin singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!" before the leaves were green again in Unter den Linden.

It costs a lot of money to scare a nation to death.



General Pershing's staff reports officially that if the War had lasted for six months longer—one hundred thousand more American soldiers would have been killed.

One hundred thousand of these American boys that are coming back to us every day now, would have been smiling and dying in the mud of France—if the Armistice had been signed last Thursday instead of last November.

Are we grateful to those who died ?

Are we grateful to those who were maimed for life in our fight ?

Are we grateful to have so many boys back with us safe and sound ?

Is there enough gratitude in the world to express the thanksgiving in our hearts because Victory came so soon ?



The money you and I are putting into the Victory Loan is the money we spent to end the War six months—perhaps twelve months—ahead of time.

One hundred thousand Americans—in French mud.

Well—we got our money's worth.

We might *all* have been wearing one of those little black arm-bands with a gold star on it.



When, retreating into the Fatherland, the whipped and beaten German armies crossed the Rhine and entered German cities, they were welcomed as conquering heroes. Between rows of cheering German people who crowded the curbs, they marched under “Arches of Triumph” with their flags unfurled—with their bands playing “Deutschland über Alles” and with flowers in the muzzles of their guns.

“It is to laugh!” as they used to say in Germany before the War. “It is to laugh!”



On the eleventh of November last year a French soldier by the name of Foch said—

“It shall not be!”

With cold foresight and the knowledge born of experience, he threw a cordon of guns and bayonets and men around the German people. To-day, with their Allies, half a million of America's soldiers stand guard over the German border.

Half a million of our soldiers are on the job to stay—until the World is safe again.

* * *

It costs \$2.74 a day to keep one of those soldiers there—over one and a quarter million dollars a day.

Is it worth it?

* * *

It is going to cost us an even \$200 to bring each one of them home again—when that job is finished.

Is it worth it?

* * *

There are some other things for us to pay for before we're through—before we finish our job.

Two hundred and eighty thousand of our soldiers were wounded in this War. Some of them are well now—some of them aren't—some of them never will be.

We've got to bind up their wounds and pay for their nursing—and for some of them we've got to buy new arms and legs—three thousand and twenty-four arms and legs.



And, we, the American People, have got to raise the money—

You and I and the family that lives next door—

If we are going to finish our job.

The Banks ?

Why—if we leave it to the Banks to take most of the Victory Loan where will our Prosperity be?—the prosperity that we've worked for—and saved for—and waited for—the prosperity that is just around the corner now—*provided* we do our share.

American business has got to have a sound banking system behind it—if we are going to take advantage of the prosperity that is ours for the asking—and the greater activity in every kind of industry—with plenty of jobs and better times for us all.

If we leave the Banks to finish our job for us we'll have the kind of prosperity that shows itself in slow business—low wages—few jobs.

This loan is *our* business—the business of the American people as a whole, the people who won the War. And it is *good* business!



There's another side of this thing, too—the investment side of it.

We don't think of it very often—this matter of interest.

But buying Victory Notes isn't like dropping money down a well.

Instead of saying "There it goes!" when we put fifty or a hundred or a thousand dollars into the Victory Loan, we say "Here it comes!"—for every single dollar we put in comes back to us again with interest.

We Americans didn't put our money into this War because it was a good business proposition. We didn't think of the interest—and we didn't care about it either.

And we don't care about it now, for its own sake.

We're not going to buy this Victory Loan just because it's a safe, sound, money-making business proposition that pays good interest. That isn't the reason.

But the interest is there just the same.

Every Victory Note we buy—you and I—is the best possible investment we can make—the Government and people of the United States of America stand behind it. And the Government pledges its word that every dollar we put into the Victory Liberty Loan shall come back to us—dollar for dollar—with interest.

Is there anything much safer than that in this world ?



The killing is over.

It lasted four years, three months and fourteen days. We Americans were in it for one year, seven months, and five days.

And now it is over. And we want to forget it and live the rest of our lives the way Almighty God intended we should live them—in Peace and Freedom and some degree of Happiness.

But—

Seventy-two thousand Americans died in France and left a job for us to finish—first.

*“If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.”*

In Flanders Fields

*In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.*

*We are the dead ; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.*

*Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.*

Lieut.-Col. MCCRAE



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We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
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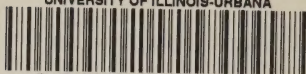
Government Loan Organization

Second Federal Reserve District

Liberty Loan Committee



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